

Complimentary Reception

and Dinner given

Prof. Swing,

Palmer House, Chicago.

February 22, 1886.



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Reception and Dinner

TENDERED TO

PROF. DAVID SWING

BY THE

*MEMBERS OF THE CENTRAL CHURCH AND CONGREGATION,
AND OTHER PERSONAL FRIENDS,*

AT THE

PALMER HOUSE,

CHICAGO,

Monday Evening, February 22, 1886.

CHICAGO:

RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY, PRINTERS,
148-154 Monroe Street.

1886.

RECEPTION AND DINNER

TO

PROF. DAVID SWING.

It appeared to numerous friends of PROF. SWING that some notice should be taken of the fact that he has resided and labored in the City of Chicago for TWENTY YEARS. It was the opinion of his friends that these two decades marked an epoch in the morals, religion and literature of our city; and also that he had been foremost in creating such epoch. Hence they took advice among themselves as to the form of such testimonial, the result of which will appear from the following :

CIRCULAR.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2, 1886.

Dear Sir:

Many friends of PROF. SWING consider some appropriate notice should be taken of the twentieth anniversary of his labors in Chicago.

In order that the fitting thing may be done, we urgently request you to meet us and others of his friends in consultation at the Club Room in the Palmer House, on Thursday, Feb. 4, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

We think that his life and labors in Chicago mark an epoch in the history of our city, and are anxious to devise a proper method of showing him that the same are appreciated by his people and the

entire community. Do not fail to impress on your mind the time and place of the meeting.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES FITZSIMONS.

D. S. MEAD.

A. M. PENCE.

A. L. CHETLAIN.

W. S. HENDERSON.

C. B. HOLMES.

In response to the foregoing, very many friends of PROF. SWING met at the Palmer House, and discussed a variety of plans for celebrating the event, and appointed an Executive Committee, composed of C. B. Holmes, Chairman; Gen. A. L. Chetlain, A. M. Pence, D. S. Mead, John G. Shortall, W. S. Henderson, and Gen. Chas. Fitzsimons, Secretary, with power to determine the kind of celebration, and make full arrangements therefor.

The Executive Committee met on the 5th of February, and decided to tender to PROF. SWING a reception and dinner, on the evening of the 22d of February, at the Palmer House, and appointed the following committees:

ON RECEPTION.

N. K. FAIRBANK.	W. S. HENDERSON.	WIRT DEXTER.
GEN. A. L. CHETLAIN.	J. H. MCVICKER.	EUGENE CARY.
O. F. FULLER.	JOHN C. BLACK.	JOSEPH MEDILL.
L. L. COBURN.	A. A. CARPENTER.	W. W. KIMBALL.
DR. R. N. ISHAM.	E. M. PHELPS.	GOV. WM. BROSS.
POTTER PALMER.	E. R. WADSWORTH.	LYMAN J. GAGE.
DR. H. A. JOHNSON.	GEORGE HOWLAND.	GEORGE L. DUNLAP.
FERD. W. PECK.	O. W. POTTER.	MOSES WENTWORTH.
J. B. RAYNER.	H. C. HAYT.	D. S. MEAD.
J. N. JEWETT.	C. CLEMONS.	H. L. NORTON.

ON INVITATIONS.

N. K. FAIRBANK.

W. S. HENDERSON.

C. B. HOLMES.

GEN. CHAS. FITZSIMONS.

ON SPEECHES.

A. M. PENCE.

E. M. PHELPS.

JOHN G. SHORTALL.

GEN. A. C. McCLURG.

ON DINNER.

E. B. SHERMAN.

SAMUEL M. JONES.

W. W. KIMBALL.

GEN. CHAS. FITZSIMONS.

C. B. HOLMES.

ON MUSIC.

JOHN G. SHORTALL.

N. K. FAIRBANK.

ON FLOWERS.

MRS. W. S. HENDERSON.

MRS. WIRT DEXTER.

MRS. W. W. KIMBALL.

THE RECEPTION.

In response to invitations, the parlors of the hotel were filled at an early hour with an assemblage of prominent citizens, members and pastors of various city churches. At seven o'clock PROF. SWING, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Helen, was presented by N. K. Fairbank, Esq., and Gen. A. L. Chetlain, to the many friends who had gathered to express friendship and admiration for one who, through many years of Christian labor, has drawn about him the true and noble of the city.

After an hour spent in the exchange of congratulations and friendly greeting, and when all had participated in a rich social feast, the company, led by the honored guest, retired to the "Banquet Hall," where sweet music, fragrant flowers and delicate viands added their charm to the beauty and brilliancy of the occasion.

THE DINNER.

M E N U .

BLUE POINTS.

CONSOMMÉ MACÉDOINE.

Sliced Cucumbers.

KENNEBEC SALMON.

French Peas.

FILLET OF BEEF ; with Truffles.

Browned Sweet Potatoes.

ROMAN PUNCH.

Lettuce Salad.

JACK SNIPE.

Curled Potatoes.

NESSELRODE ICE CREAM; with Sauce Maraschino.

ASSORTED CAKE.

CONFECTIONERY.

FRUIT.

COFFEE.

THE SPEECHES.

INTRODUCTORY.

ABRAM M. PENCE, ESQ.

Ladies and Gentlemen : I have been called upon to occupy the chair to-night, not because of any personal fitness in myself for the position, but for the reason that I am the oldest friend and immediate follower of Prof. Swing in our great city.

Thirty years ago I met him among the hills of Southern Ohio, which form in such a charming manner the perspective and setting of that beautiful picture called "La Belle Rivière." He was then a young man of twenty-five years, and I a boy.

He then and there became my teacher and friend; and, whilst his labors in the capacity of teacher may have had but little direct influence upon your Chairman, he was nevertheless laying wide the foundation upon which a magnificent career has since been erected.

I heard his first efforts as a preacher, and I am pleased to inform you that he stepped forth a literary athlete from the beginning. He had no boyhood in the use of his pen. His literature was always orthodox, and, as to his religious views, he was then as careless of all schools of theology as he is to-day.

You must excuse my seeming egotism, for I do not praise myself for my good fortune; but, after ten years of friendship, having cast myself into this great whirlpool of life, I had the opportunity of performing the most useful act of my existence, when I assisted in placing the footsteps of Prof. Swing upon the threshold of this new world. He entered the gates of our city. He came, he saw, he conquered, and for twenty years his life and his thought have been an inspiration, a solace and a pleasure to all the great Northwest.

When the young Aristides said that he gained strength by being in the room with Socrates, he testified to the personal sway of the great ambassador of reason.

So we here to-night, who have occupied the same city with our guest for twenty years, can testify to the strength we have gained, and thus illustrate his personal sway over our lives and our hearts.

His intimate friends and followers can say of him what Plato said of his great master: "If you would be honored with my company, make him also welcome who has made me what I am."

With the greatest pleasure of our lives, this goodly company here again places the feet of our guest upon the threshold of a new era of twenty years, knowing, if life and health be preserved, that his work will mark a still more brilliant epoch in our city's ethics and religion and literature.

We therefore hail the guest of the evening as the friend of art, of literature, and of true religion; as a man with charity for all and with malice toward none.

POEM.

GEO. HOWLAND, ESQ.

"Poetry is not fiction: it is truth too great for prose."—*Swing*.

Twenty years ! with what sweet pleasure
 The fond memories we treasure
 Of all that to us they have brought !
 How the thought unbidden ranges
 Over all the goodly changes
 That within each true heart have been wrought !

We no dusty path have threaded,
 To the past forever wedded,
 With our leader so trusted and true ;
 But where fields were thickly budded
 With new truths, we there have studied
 Their unfolding beneath heaven's blue.

We would seek no needless quarrels
With the devil for the laurels
In a fruitless assault to be won ;
But would strengthen up the sinner
With true wisdom in the inner
Man, ere yet the fierce strife is begun.

Not with scourging and with fasting,
Or in lamentations lasting,
Do we serve at a shrine that we dread ;
But in striving, with thanksgiving,
To make life well worth the living,
We with flowers our altars have spread.

And we with no track of iron
Lay the pathway to our Zion,
With free pass to a new world of bliss ;
But in friendship with our neighbor,
We in liberty would labor
To be found at least worthy of this.

Nor yet idly would we ponder,
In such sad and solemn wonder,
When the kingdom of Heaven shall appear ;
But with all our best endeavor
Would we fill the moments ever,
Till we make it all heavenly here.

And, perhaps, in the hereafter,
When beneath the golden rafter
We are learning life's purpose to read,
We, like children, with our lettered
Blocks of wisdom, all unfettered,
May see who can construct the best creed.

And we then, perhaps, unparted,
To our wise, our simple-hearted,
Our golden-lipped teacher may turn,
Of the many hidden beauties
Of that life and its glad duties,
In his fitly framed phrase still to learn.

THE GROWTH OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D. D.

"The wooden plow has not grown any more rapidly than the wooden God."—*Swing*.

When we speak of the growth of religious ideas, we should discriminate between ideas and the things for which they stand. Things have an existence in themselves, and wholly apart from the minds by which they are perceived. The mind of man does not, by thinking, create; it performs the humbler task of perceiving what already is. The thoughts of the Creator having taken shape in worlds and systems, and having in this way been objectivized, man then comes to be a learner. The earth might be here just the same were there no human beings to puzzle over its mysteries, and no eyes to behold its beauty. It was here, and was round, and revolved through space, when men thought it was flat and stationary.

And so God and the principles of religion exist apart from the minds by which they are perceived; and in their essential existence they are what they are; nor can the thinking of man make them other or different. But men have in all ages formed conceptions of the Divine, and these conceptions have taken shape in creeds or statements of belief. These may grow; they have grown with the growth of intelligence; but all the time God, and the principles of religion, have remained the same. And hence the growth of religious ideas has been a result of the growth of the mind and heart of man.

And thus we may see that the growth of religious ideas finds its natural and not unexpected place as a part of the growth of mind in everything else; for we can no longer study religion by itself. It forms a part of the many other great facts and problems with which our world has to deal. Religion has traveled along in company with government, and art, and science, and has not only been affected by these surrounding conditions, but has shared in their many fortunes and misfortunes.

It is only natural that religious ideas should have grown with the growth of the world. Not that we would affirm that the ideas of religion have had only an earthly and human origin,—that they have been evolved out of the nature and the environments of the mind of man. Each form of life has its own peculiar nature, and is unfolded along the line of its own possibilities. But when we come to man, we find a being who is not only related to the earth, but has progressive and improvable powers; he has reason and self-consciousness, and a part of his lofty nature—the spiritual—opens up to God. And hence man has been the subject of a divine illuminism.

This illuminism has been shared in some sense by all nations; but in its fullest and most distinctive sense it was limited to the Hebrew and the Christian religions. But even with these revelation was itself progressive, so that we can plainly discern the growth or development of religious ideas from Abraham to Moses, and from Moses and the Prophets on to its culmination in The Christ, where God is fully revealed as a Father, as a Spirit, and religion becomes no longer an outer form, but a kingdom,—a life in the heart.

But through all these ages God was the same, and the essential principles of religion were the same, and hence the growth was not in these, but in the mind and heart of man; and, when man could understand a spiritual religion, from that uplifted point of vision, religion took on the larger thought of immortality,—a kingdom of principles moving on forever.

Thus God appears as the teacher and the leader of mankind; but the divine idea of religion is so large as to include all truth,—the truth of philosophy, of science, of history. And hence religious ideas have shared in the growth of all these. The wonderful awakening that we call the reformation, was not of religion alone, but was a part of a general movement of thought, quickened and intensified by the inventions and discoveries of those great years. The printing press, the new astronomy, and the new ideas of the church and religion, all moved along together. And with the larger universe, and the larger and better conceptions of God, men have gone on

thinking better and better of God, until to think of Him at all they must think of Him not only as *good*, but as the best. And thinking better of God, our world has come to think better of itself. And hence the old views, that so long filled all the future with an awful fear and foreboding, have been so modified that a new hope has taken the place of the old despair.

The growth of religious ideas has been very marked in our day, and in the twenty years since Prof. Swing began his ministry in Chicago. A quarter of a century ago the views of Bishop Colenso created no little controversy in the Church of England and in orthodox circles generally. Now these views are quite generally accepted by the thinking public. The same was true of Dr. Bushnell's theory of the atonement, twenty-five years ago; but now his books are in nearly every minister's library, and the doctrine of the suffering of love to save, is rapidly displacing the cold, penal and commercial conception of the death of Christ. Canon Farrar, in his "Eternal Hope," and "Justice and Judgment," has written more powerfully, perhaps, than any other man, against the old dogmas of endless punishment; and yet Canon Farrar was welcomed by the orthodox clergy in all the great cities of this land. Such a welcome could not have been possible thirty years ago, nor when Prof. Swing came to our city.

And in all this there is not revealed a looseness or an indifference to religious truth, but a positive growth of the minds and hearts of the people, a larger and a better theology; higher views of God, and of man and his destiny in the world to come. And those holding these views, and trying to do good, will soon be welcomed by the great army of religious workers.

The strange history of the church in the past has been, that it has never been large enough to hold the thinking of the people, not even of the children taught in its own schools. And it naturally followed, that, when the church was not broad enough to hold two thoughts at the same time, if any one got a new idea he had to get a church to put it in! It was so when the Greek church left the Latin, and so when Luther sought to make men and women kings and priests before God. And when some one got an idea that

baptism was by immersion only, he had to get a church to put that in; and there had to be a church to hold the ideas of Calvin and Wesley. Some one came to think that God was so one that he could not be three, and there had to be a Unitarian church. George Fox thought that religion was less an outer form, and more a subjective life, and there had to be a Quaker church; and, for the better hope of our poor world in the future, there had to be a Universalist church.

And there came one in our day who loved God, who loved man, who loved nature, who loved the true wherever found, and loved beauty in every form; one whose home was Chicago, and whose religion was to do good; and for him there had to be a Central Church.

By patience, by learning, by suffering, by piety, by long and hard work, Prof. Swing, whom we gladly honor at this hour, has made possible a larger personal liberty for the mind and heart of man; he has made smoother the paths for other feet, and brighter the way that leads to Heaven and God.

MODERN CHICAGO.

REV. SIMON J. M'PHERSON, D. D.

"Earth, under the touch of Man's mind, is a miniature of the Universe under the touch of God."—*Swing*.

The first thing that strikes one about this toast — Modern Chicago—is, that like a tramp it goes everywhere and starts nowhere. Our city is so utterly modern that it evidently inspired those lines which Tennyson meant to write: "Better fifty years of Chicago than a cycle of Philadelphia." Fancy asking the guest of the evening to describe that particular period of his career which belongs to ancient history! Yet, Prof. Swing, despite his beardless condition, is really older than Chicago. It would require an Egyptian guide's capacity for inventing antiquities to discourse on so purely imaginary a theme as Ancient Chicago, and I do not won-

der that a predestined bishop ran away to old Mexico to escape a subject which has received so slight a heritage from the "Fathers." New York had a pre-existing state as New Amsterdam. But in Chicago's prehistoric times it was nothing but a river, so sluggish and insignificant that it was often indifferently called St. Louis. London eked out two miserable millenniums before she could afford a first-class fire; but, with less than forty years of effort, Chicago forever blotted out the records of 1666 with her palimpsest of October, 1871. A few school-boys still remember that Paris, which is now so old a maid that she has at least stopped growing, is described in Cæsar's "Commentaries" as "Lutetia," "a collection of mud huts." But Cæsar refers to Chicago only prophetically in his opening sentence, "All Gaul is divided into three parts," where Gaul is obviously a misprint for Chicago, since Julius must have had in mind the South, North and West Sides, with a great Roman's natural preference for the Cisalpine, or South Side. Hence, in order to find any background for my remarks, I must remind you that, like Minerva, Chicago was already old when she was born; and, in order to keep to my appointed subject, I must take the standpoint of the daily newspaper, to which the news of the day before yesterday is ancient history. By putting emphasis upon an alternative title for this toast—The Chicago of 1886—we may find a foot-hold for a couple of familiar remarks.

One is that the Chicago of 1886 is peculiarly tolerant of conflicting opinions, even in religion. This may be due to the fact that her spirit is uncommonly humanitarian; and, as we know, the revival of the "humanities" historically preceded the Reformation, which restored liberty of conscience. The pathetic needs and struggles, the high aspirations, the transcendent possibilities, of human nature, have found in our honored guest a noble exponent, and that fact gives him one kind of right to represent Chicago.

When I came here an inexperienced immigrant from New Jersey, three or four years ago, I was surprised at receiving a universal welcome from ministers of every ecclesiastical name, and also from representatives of our celebrated "no name series." One day I asked a Baptist neighbor why Chicago should thus show finer denomina-

tional harmonies than any other city. He replied: "Oh, that question is easy to answer. We are all so much engaged in fighting the devil that we have neither time nor disposition to fight one another." "Thank God," I answered, "for revealing another of Chicago's great achievements; she has discovered a good use for the devil."

Perhaps you have never heard that modern Chicago is a cosmopolitan city! Even though it sadly lack other characteristics of Pentecost, it does possess "men out of every nation under Heaven." Its climate is consequently unfavorable to bigots. If you want to manufacture narrow men, you must cage them up in a corner of the world, where they can become familiar with only one set of notions. Fanaticism is like the figure of rhetoric called synecdoche: it puts a part for the whole. I remember a young minister, fresh from the theological seminary, preaching one of his first sermons in the church which had called him. When he had finished, a wise and friendly elder, who had been so much among men that he forgot more every year than his juvenile pastor had ever learned, met him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and said, "Mr. —, I wish that I could be as sure of anything in the world as you seem to be about everything in the universe." As men grow wiser, they become less sure about some opinions, and more tolerant about most opinions. A cosmopolitan city like modern Chicago has a bad climate for one whose foible is self-conscious omniscience. I recognize the fact that tolerance of conflicting opinions is an inconvenience for men in authority. Torquemada and Robespierre were far more effective than we can be in silencing opponents. But the consequence of their method was that Torquemada's Spain grew idiotic, and Robespierre was beheaded by his own guillotine. I know, too, that, when our knowledge becomes perfect, tolerance will be a useless virtue. But, so long as the wisest of us has only a fragment of all wisdom, charity will remain a higher grace than forcible uniformity of opinion.

Two things seem to me essential to true tolerance: First, individuals need to cherish strong and sincere opinions. Indifference is the tragic mask of tolerance. We must each put the emphasis of

life upon what he thinks and believes, rather than upon what he doubts or ignores. Tolerance is impossible to those who are intellectually fibreless and morally flabby; for they leave nothing to tolerate. Secondly, individuals can be tolerant only by cherishing a generous spirit. We must not be technical and microscopic in the righteous exercise of love. Broad wit is intolerable, broad opinions are despicably loose; but broad charity is the mantle that falls down upon the waiting prophet of God out of the ascending chariot of Heaven.

Now, of this tolerance in opinion which is so characteristic of modern Chicago, Prof. Swing—to his honor be it spoken—has been a conspicuous apostle and representative. For that reason largely he has been Chicago's darling; I may say, Chicago's Patton-ted darling. That darling, after twenty years of honeymoon, is still pressed to Chicago's bosom, while Dr. Patton has gone to another world, to find his earthly Paradise in Princeton. You are all tolerant enough here to-night, I hope, to remember him as a man of almost peerless ability in some directions; tolerant enough to congratulate him on finding our Princeton theology according to his own heart, even though to some of you that he left behind him, it seems the very opposite of St. John's little book, sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the digested state.

As you see, I am not forgetting that your guest to-night was once a Presbyterian. Of course that is all in the preterit or even pluperfect tense now; perhaps I am mistaken; it may be that I, who have only infinitesimal hankerings after war, even against supposed heresies, cannot claim to represent fully the brethren of my own ancestral faith, in whose essential tenets I cordially agree; but, son of Scotch Covenanters as I am, I have a fancy that if my friend, the St. John who now presides over the First Church of modern Ephesus, had been the prosecutor in a certain famous ecclesiastical trial, Prof. Swing would still be a Presbyterian to-day, or at least would be much more nearly one than he is. At any rate, he can reach some of you with sermons, who would be very slow to give any of the rest of us ministers a chance at you. Meantime, see how we Presbyterians, grown tolerant in modern Chicago, have

improved our methods of supplying another church with one of our bright preachers. One of us rises in his place, and announces his reasons, theoretical and practical, for desiring to exchange his plain frock coat for gown and cassock, perhaps for exchanging also, according to an illustrious precedent, his silk hat for the mitre, and his worst punishment is to have a photograph of some criminal printed in the newspapers as his portrait. The Episcopal church has every reason to be happy; for she knows that it is not with "true blue" that Green ought to harmonize. The Presbyterian church congratulates her sister, and cheerfully says to her departing friend: "*Au revoir*, brother; you will be back with us again when we all get to Heaven."

Secondly—The Chicago of 1886 can celebrate a golden opportunity to transfer the emphasis of her marvelous energies from the material to the spiritual. The twenty years that we recall to-night have already witnessed a unique transformation. Long ago we realized the myth of Phoenix; we were purified of wood, hay, stubble, and established in stone, by fire. The "panic" exploited the virtues of wild-cat speculation. Eastern capital has largely ceased to enshackle us as creditors. The infant Chicago has grown to manhood, and with manhood it should be ready to put away childish things,—the devotion of all its energies, as in babyhood and boyhood, to the mere building up of its physical body. The natural time has come for Chicago to cultivate mind and heart and soul. The fine arts should succeed to the mechanic arts. Books should be as common and influential as trade-marks. Our institutions of learning should no longer be a by-word abroad; we should learn to educate our sons and daughters at home as far as Harvard, or Oxford or Berlin could bear them. Ethics should abate our ardor for physics. We must learn our momentous moral responsibilities to the vast dependency of the North and West. We cannot live forever simply by and for our flat, rich, bottomless prairies. We must look up to the mountain of Calvary, which waters all outlying foot-hills,—the Himalayas, the Apennines, the Alleghanies and Rockies.

And this must we in modern Chicago do, if we would truly honor the guest of the evening, by carrying out his highest wish for us.

His works are fine specimens of an indigenous literature. His name is associated with nearly every up-look in art and ethics. Almost his latest utterances have urged us to the Herculean task of cleansing our municipal Augean stables. The names of Washington, of Wesley, of Savonarola, of Chrysostom, of Jesus Christ, are not strangers to his influential lips. As he sits at this banquet table of friends to-night, he thinks, no doubt, of the immortal marriage feast of the King's Son. If we accept his best counsel, the Chicago of 1886 shall be no more to the Chicago that is to come than the Jerusalem of old was to the promised new Jerusalem that shall be eternal in the heavens.

MAY OR SHOULD A CLERGYMAN READ NOVELS.

REV. DAVID UTTER.

"A novel is human thought, ornamented by a woman in love."—*Swing*.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: When I received the invitation of your committee to be present on this occasion and make a speech upon the question, "Should ministers read novels?" I was so delighted with the idea, after having been a heretic for so many years, and somewhat out in the cold, of being once more in good orthodox company, that I determined to prepare my extemporaneous utterances to the best of my ability, and to school myself to say the thing that would naturally be expected of me. And knowing, of course, from the orthodox traditions handed down from our Puritan ancestors, that it was altogether wrong and out of place for ministers to read novels, I began to make my preparations on that line. And, in looking up my authorities, where should I go but to one of the most famous preachers of the first century of American history, the man who wrote more books than any other man of his time in this country, wrote and published more books than any other man who has ever lived in this country, and about as

many as any man ever wrote in the world ; I refer to the Rev. Cotton Mather.

The book of his that I found that seemed to bear most directly upon the question in hand was a little volume, "*Manductio Theologicum*," being instructions given a young man preparing for the Christian ministry. I did not find that he recommended that the young man should read any novels. Cotton Mather gives no evidence in all his works of having read any,—it cannot be proved, even, I am told by capable authority, that he had ever read a line of Shakespeare. The Rev. Mr. Mather gives his young divinity student much good advice, and, among other things, makes out a list of books for him to read, the titles of which would mean very little to us, and I am sure I cannot repeat them. If the question of novel reading had come up, the Rev. Cotton Mather's advice would no doubt have been given on the broad and comprehensive principles laid down by Caliph Omar in regard to the Alexandrian Library. "If these books," said the Caliph, "are in harmony with what is written in the Koran, they are superfluous, since we have the Koran ; if they are not in harmony with it, they are pernicious ; so, at any rate, let them be destroyed." Mr. Mather would have said : "If the novels are in perfect harmony with these other books which I recommend, it will not be necessary for you to read them, as these are sufficient, and thoroughly furnish you unto all good works ; if they are not in harmony with them, they are pernicious ; so, in either case, they are to be let alone."

Then, in proceeding further in the preparation of my speech, I was looking up the natural reasons for letting novels alone, and I had got far enough to see, that, if a minister undertook to know anything of modern fiction, he ought to know it quite thoroughly, lest his people think him a smatterer ; and that to know modern fiction thoroughly one would have no time for studying anything else ; and I was about to set this down as a good point, when, imagine my consternation, it was whispered to me that our guest for this evening, Prof. Swing, himself was a reader of novels, and approved the practice ! So, of course, there was nothing for it but to throw all my speech away, and take a different tack altogether ; and I am here to

say that novel reading is expected of any modern minister. Any man who would keep up with the times, know what his people are thinking, must read what they are reading, and, whatever the substance of that reading may be, the form of it is pretty sure to be fiction.

Each age seems to have its favorite literary form; with Homer it was the epic, in Shakespeare's time it was the drama, and in our age it seems to be the novel; whatever a man would write to-day, be it science or history, or an argument setting forth some new theory of art or some new theory of the universe, the form in which he must cast his thought, if he would find ready readers, must be that of the novel. There is doubtless a deep reason for this. Goethe says, "Beauty is a manifestation of a secret law of nature, which, but for such manifestation, would forever remain hidden." But beauty is greatly in the eye that sees it, and the beauty of this modern form in which the thought of humanity of the present seeks chiefly to present itself, seems to have been revealed chiefly to modern eyes. Yet I doubt not Goethe is right; and, believing the beauty of fiction to be a real beauty, I feel sure that it indicates a real advance in the art of human expression. The deeper and finer shades of human thought and emotion are better set forth in that form of narrative which, while describing things as they actually exist, yet shows all in an ideal light that, while showing us what is true, shows us truths of purer and higher kinds than we are able to embody in our everyday living.

Then, of course, I could see, after I came round to the right side of the question, that it was necessary for a minister to read novels in order to know what to recommend to the members of his flock. How could he condemn that which he had not read? how could he recommend that with which he was unacquainted? And surely no part of his ministry is more often really helpful than the putting of the right books into the hands of a person, young or old. The novel has advantages for such purposes over every other sort of book. More frequently than any other book the novel awakens the desire to read; and no greater service can any of us ever do a fellow-man than to awaken within him the desire for literature of the higher and

better kind. It is one of the greatest of mysteries, this awakening to intellectual life: no man can say with certainty what will accomplish it, at what time of life it is most likely to be accomplished, or whether the awakening will ever take place. It is like the kindling of a fire: sometimes a very little flame will kindle that which makes a very great light; sometimes with greatest effort nothing can be done. But no human device has ever led so many people to read and think, and think and read again, as this form of thought expression which we call fiction, or the novel.

And so, Mr. Chairman, upon the whole I would heartily answer this question affirmatively: Ministers may, ministers should, all wide-awake, practical ministers must, read novels. And now that I have said this, I wish the subject of my speech were changed; at any rate, if the subject were, instead of "Should a minister read novels?" "Should a minister write a novel?" I would like, in regard to one prominent minister of Chicago, to give an affirmative answer. I know one minister whom I should like to exhort to write a novel, and that is our guest of the evening, Prof. Swing.

THE PRESS AND THE CLERGY.

HON. FRANK GILBERT.

"The newspaper hauls the rough marble, out of which the historian may build eternal temples."—*Swing*.

It is evident that the toastmaster of this festal occasion is not a Paulist; for the most illustrious doctor of the higher law said: "Be ye not unequally yoked together," and certainly the clergy and the press are not exactly a matched span. As well compare the temple of Karnak and the Crib. One is of to-day, and, in its best estate, of each day; the other is as old as the race, for it is universal human nature to be afraid of the mysterious, to feel some apprehension

about the future, some curiosity about the unknowable, and to exercise some skill in explaining the inexplicable.

The press professes not to deal in eternal verities. So far from feeding the public with the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger, it must of necessity gather fresh manna every day; and the one unpardonable sin with the press is to call to mind that bit of nursery lore, "What they could not eat that night the Queen next morning fried." The clergy deals with the truths which belong to all time and to all eternity. So far, indeed, from doling out the rations which perish with the using, masons are they building with stones quarried from the Rock of Ages heavenward aspiring towers; and they cannot be thwarted by any confusion of tongues, for they can build in all languages.

And yet, notwithstanding these surface contrasts, they possess deep lines of similarity. If one is actual and the other theological, both can say, and say it with equal emphasis: "The field is the world." Their libraries, unlike those of the lawyer and the doctor, are not professional and special, but broad and universal. The preacher and the editor must both pursue their studies wherever the star of genius shines, or the spade of research digs. The pews demand that intellectual grip which comes of familiarity with the latest knowledge and with the best thought, and the journalist who confines his range of ideas to current events and discussions will shrivel into a mere organ-grinder.

Better and best of all, to the two professions apply the same ethical rules. What could be more appropriate for either the editor's sanctum or the preacher's study than the prospectus of the first American newspaper, which runs: "Say nothing which is not believed to be true, repairing to the best fountains for information, and, if any material mistake is made, correct it in the next issue." Facts and truths equally demand perfect sincerity, tireless investigation, and the honorable correction of error. Both professions also demand the clear recognition of certain limitations. The ethical abomination of the daily press is a surfeit of criminal news, and the more correct the reports, the worse their influence.

But it is to be remembered that, while the clergy portray the

world as it should be, the press deals with and shows the world as it is. One has to do with the ideal, the other with the actual, and there is no other agency of reform so potent as the newspaper, with its light focalized upon passing events. The clergy has a different but no less notable limitation. The true preacher is not a prisoner immured within a dungeon creed, walled in and shut out from the light of day by ancient symbols and formulas, his only luminary the tallow dip of by-gone thoughts. The platform, to vary the figure, whereon he stands, is the deck of a ship in mid-ocean, with her sails full set to catch every breeze that makes for righteousness and progress. He sees only the few objects which float within the range of a narrow vision; but he knows very well that there are continents of truth lying beyond his limited horizon. Consistency is indeed a jewel; but, when purchased at the expense of candor and sincerity, it becomes the veriest pinchbeck.

Fortunately the lofty teachings of him whose life work is in all our thoughts to-night has not been circumscribed by any pulpit. The press has furnished him an audience beyond the capacity even of a coliseum. And in this higher use the press is not a one-man power. The Monday issue of a properly conducted newspaper is a symposium of thoughts upon the great solemnities. The longing thoughts of philosophy and scholarship still go back to Athens. In the noon-tide of her intellectual splendor her academy was the brain centre of the world. Studious youth from far and near flocked thither to sip the honey of Attic wisdom. Long and tedious journeys, fraught with great peril and hardship, were accounted a small price to pay for the privilege of catching the words which fell from the lips of those classic teachers. But in these latter days one has only to invest a nickel, and above him sway the stately plane trees of the grove. With the regularity of Monday morning, a goodly number of the clergy take their accustomed walk from the Piræus along the cool and shady Ilissus. It is not a promiscuous detail either, but rather a picked company of choice spirits. The unfortunates who are left in the lurch may assuage their chagrin and envy by blatant outcry against the press; but the procession moves on all the same. And with those chosen few goes a mighty multi-

tude of laymen—men of business and the other professions—who are blessed with some thoughts above the muck-rake. Better still, among the throng, unseen perhaps, but intently listening, march the brightest spirits among the clergy. All denominations are represented. They take as they go lessons in homiletics, in religion intershot with philosophy and set to sermons. Thus, thanks to the natural selection of the press and the clergy, has there been founded a training school for the ministry, which has the advantage of the grove without its discomforts. It exerts an immeasurably potential influence upon pulpit and pew.

And now, in conclusion, allow me to offer the sentiment: This new academy of Chicago, may it long enjoy the presence and always feel the influence of its Plato.

LITERARY PAUPERISM.

MAJOR JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

"The landowner's wealth is in his thousand acres; the thinker's wealth is in his thousand thoughts."—*Swing*.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Why is it that literature and poverty are the Siamese twins of history? Why are the men who lead the thought of the world the paupers of the world? We who are privileged to address you at this feast are expected to eat at least our share of the good things provided; but the speakers at the world's banquet are expected to live on bread and water. It seems as if penury must spring from the root "penna," an instrument for writing.

Honor and fame! Admirable and delightful abstractions on which the poor human stomach starves to death! Do you remember what Falstaff says, as quoted by a sixteenth century writer (either Shakespeare or Bacon, I am not sure which, but suspect it was Bacon)? Sir John says: "Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm?

No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Who hath it? He that died a Wednesday."

I think St. John, in the Apocalypse, must have been dreaming of the empty honor of unpaid authorship, when he spoke of the little book which was sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly.

Our honored guest of this evening is a leader of the thoughts, words and actions of men. His writings are a perennial fountain of common sense, uncommon wisdom, charity, and love,—yea, of wit, fun, laughter,—pure, unrestrained, because unashamed. Now, suppose him brought down to living upon the copyright of his published works,—in other words, on literature pure and simple. I violate no confidence when I tell you that, though, as you see him here, he is not obese, David Swing is to-day a perfect David Davis compared to what he would be after a year of that diet. [Laughter.]

And if he cannot make literature pay, who can? No one. The atmosphere is too thin, and no wing need try to soar to immortality through a medium too thin for David's wing. Why is this? Partly because man, ever since he emerged from the condition of the catarrhine ape into that of catarrhal human, has misapprehended the relative values of things. He has considered the tangible matters of earth to be permanent, whereas they are the most transient of all. They perish in the using. Words are the only things that live forever, and words and thoughts man has always taken as cheap as he could get them,—usually for nothing. A second reason is because law has not yet escaped from the trammels of barbarism. She has freed one of her hands; but the other is still chained to the rock. With her one free hand she has done wonders. Starting from the modest aim of protecting a man's skin and bones, a little later his crops and his flocks and herds, she reached as her highest flight the protection of his reputation and his feelings. In this last task she has been of late going backward; but then, the newspapers have taken the job off her hands. Never yet has she soared to the height of recognizing fully private property in published words. Perhaps in some millennium of time, some Utopia of place, she may give us copyrights unending in duration, unlimited in space and untrammelled in scope; but this is far away. Meanwhile there is a

step of progress now possible, to us. The bill for international copyright, now before the Senate, may become a law, and will, if you and I and all of us do our duty and bear our testimony. Do you know, that, in this matter of international copyright, America is the tail of the procession? Every other civilized nation on earth has already announced herself as too rich to beg and too proud to steal. America, the richest and the proudest of all, alone to-day confesses herself poor enough to beg and mean enough to steal. This law will relieve her from that stigma.

The late lamented Jim Fisk, at a critical point in every negotiation, used to ask: "Where be I in this thing?" So Chicago, which follows the lead of Mr. Fisk in some matters, may now ask herself: "Where be I in this copyright thing?" Here is where she stands. She is about to come into possession of the Newberry free library,—probably the first in the world, not even excepting the British Museum. Being thus provided with all the ready-made literature mankind possesses, will she ever have a home-made literature of her own? As things stand now, she will not. Her rising *literati* cannot compete with a literature stolen ready-made. Zola sends over his semi-annual sewer-delivery, and it is furnished in our market "without money and without price." Salvation and damnation are quoted at the same rates on the American ticker. As William Nye remarks, "we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor." When I was in Washington last week, a Boston publisher testified, that, owing to the absence of international copyright, they could not publish books of unknown American authors, good or bad. Every such manuscript offered him—and there were hundreds of them—was returned to its author, unopened.

If the copyright measure shall become a law, the next generation of Chicago geniuses may present a literature indigenous, and worthy of its birthplace. In the last *Century* magazine Charles G. Leland uses a figure which I envy him, it is so perfect and so pat. As he did not copyright it, and as I am an American, I will steal it. He says: "An ancient fable relates, that, when a serpent eats the brood of another, her own young die unborn within her." I do not think that for this audience I need to elaborate on the moral of this fable.

Let us do honor and justice to our beloved guest of the evening as a literary man. It is he who gave me my text, and it is a true and worthy apothegm, "The landowner's wealth is in his thousand acres: the thinker's wealth is in his thousand thoughts." Therefore, let us refrain from stealing the latter as well as the former.

THE MODERN SERMON.

REV. ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE.

"Man is a tree whose blossoms are sentiments, and fruit, thoughts."—*Swing*.

I am very happy to be with you this evening, and to bring my hearty congratulations to my brother, whom, for more than fifteen years, I have loved to know, and known only to love. You have asked me to speak on the "Modern Sermon," and I am a little puzzled to know what that means. If it had been the "Model" or "Ideal Sermon," the meaning would have been plain; but even then my ideal might have differed from yours, and so my painting have been a disappointment. I will, therefore, interpret my topic to signify the modern sermon as contrasted with the sermons of past centuries, and will seek to show in what respects the prevailing type of preaching is an improvement on the prevailing types of the past, and how far the best sermon of to-day conforms to the preaching by the noblemen of the pulpit in former ages.

We will notice the modern sermon in its theological character. It is unmistakably different from the prevailing type of sermons in recent centuries, and yet, fundamentally, it is the same; the change is one simply of theological adjustment. There was a time when, to the mind of the church, the truth of the justice of God stood out most prominently, as the one sublimest doctrine of the creed. Sinai was in the foreground, with Calvary less noticeable, though in the picture,—and always the theme of adoring wonder and praise. The theology of

to-day is not a modern discovery; it has no new God, no new system of faith; it has not leveled Sinai, nor robbed the divine law of its sublime and majestic holiness: it has simply brought Calvary to the front; it has made the divine justice the background on which faith has painted the glory of redeeming love; it has substituted as glad tidings the heart of the Christ for the thunders of the law, flooding the creed with the sunlight of redemption. So that the modern sermon is an invitation instead of a threatening; it is the echo of the "come" of Jesus the Master; and you have only to study the gospels and the epistles of the New Testament to see, that, in this particular, the theology of to-day is more evangelical than that which prevailed in some centuries,—not that the latter was unscriptural, but simply that it was not the gospel, which is glad tidings, not wrath and fear. And, as the warm rays of the summer's sun cause the seeds in the cold earth to burst their wrappings, and the plant to actually leap into verdure and blossoms and fruit, so the preaching of the fathomless and eternal and comforting love of God is the sunshine of this world, breaking up the hard soil, and wooing the thoughts and affections out of the wrappings of selfishness, and up into the beauty and richness of sanctified, holy lives.

The modern sermon formulates a very simple creed for the anchorage of faith, for the manual of daily living. There was a time when the church sought to comprehend the God side of redemption as well as the human side, and constructed its creed with doctrines, all of them perhaps true, but doctrines which were so full of infiniteness that to be able sincerely to confess an understanding of them, was to affirm a comprehension of God Himself. These doctrines were placed by the church at the portal of its visible fellowship, thus making what was originally the visible body of Christ to be a theological school, into which those only could enter who were already prepared for graduation to glory. The sermon of that day was largely a doctrinal disquisition, to the hearers dry because its profound analyses did not so much as touch the outer fringe of daily experience; and men and women listened with no personal interest, except such as leads one to study the stars through the telescope, only in this case the telescopic glass was necessarily

blurred, and the children went quietly to sleep, unable to catch a word whose meaning their young minds could grasp. Some of us can remember those sermons in our childhood days, when topics such as predestination, election and the definition of the Trinity were the favorite pulpit themes, and when the minister seemed to us so grandly far away from all the facts of common life, that we felt very much like the little girl who, when the clergyman called on her mother, hid behind the sofa, emerging only when he had gone out of the door, with this wondering question of awe on her lips: "Mamma, was that God?"

Now, I am not saying, this evening, that these incomprehensible doctrines were not all true, but only this, that they pertained to the God side of redemption; that they were beyond human grasp; that, with our limited, because finite, vision, they could not be harmonized with the opposite truths of human action, and the sad result was unhealthy speculation, unnecessary and harmful skepticism, and the shutting out from the inestimable privileges of the Christian church of a vast number who did not deny, but could not assent to, truths which they could not understand. The modern sermon emphasizes the *human* side of doctrinal truth. It leaves with God those facts concerning His being and eternal purposes, which are too vast to be comprehended, and deals with such clearly perceived facts as the love of the Father, the atoning work of the Son, the gospel invitation to the whole world, grace provided for all, and man's ability to accept the invitation and to walk with God, and to grow in spiritual stature to be like God. It brings the blessed helps of the Bible provision down to man's practical daily life; seeks to purify his heart, to ennoble his principles, to make him honest in trade, loving in his home, benevolent to the needy; and, taking the Master's own graphic language as its basis, it throws open the Gate that is one resplendent pearl, to all those, who, in the name of Christ, comfort the sick, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner, and give the cup of cold water to parched lips. Thus the sermon is an inspiration to purer, manlier, Godlike living; and the world, I believe, is made brighter and holier by each Sabbath's communion.

Spurgeon tells of a fountain in the town of Goslar, in the Hartz

Mountains, which was so peculiarly constructed that the jets and the basin into which the water fell were above the reach of any man of ordinary stature, and yet the object of the fountain was to supply the people of the town with water. In order to gain it, however, every person brought a spout or trough with him, long enough to reach to the top of the fountain, and thus he brought the water down into his pitcher. If he came without a trough, he must go away thirsty; and yet, a little expenditure of money to secure a mason's work with a chisel, would have brought the crystal stream within the reach of all. It was an absurd construction of a fountain for the people, and any sermon whose style is so lofty, and its truths so profound, that the common people cannot drink the waters of life without a dictionary, is an absurd discourse, and souls will perish from thirst on such preaching.

The modern sermon culls from every field of literature, as well as from the Bible, its materials with which to add to the beauty and power of the truth, as our Lord thought it not beneath His dignity to teach the sublimest truths to His disciples, from the lily of the field and the radiant plumage of the birds. The great truths of the Bible, before their construction into a sermon, are like the rich, metallic ores when they are in the rocky mine; and in this state they are totally unlike the equestrian statue which the artist builds up from that metallic ore by his genius. The work of the preacher is construction work, bringing divine truths into new combinations, and organizing them into a complete unity, which shall teach some grand lesson, by the inspiration of which there shall be formed heroic soul statues. Into this construction, the preacher pours his whole being, imagination brings in her vivid images of beauty, not for the purpose of delighting an audience, but as the clothing of the truth; the thought searches through realms of history, poetry, art, science, for gems with which to make the diadem of God's love more radiant, and care is given even to the elegance of style, and to perspicuity, in order that there may be appropriate companionship for conceptions the grandest, and truths the profoundest, that mortal mind can consider. Poverty of ideas or plainness of style are no help, but an injury, to the truth; for, as in nature, you find the

beautiful and useful combined, as the blossoms of the apple tree do not repress, but serve to bring out, the golden fruit, so the sermon is made more rich and powerful by those thoughts that blossom into beauty; and he is unfit to preach who seeks to deform himself by trying to get into the mould of another mind, so as to preach like this or that celebrated sermonizer. God has made every soul peculiar from every other; and He meant that each one should pour his soul into his preaching, his thought, his imagination, his style, his impassioned feeling; and such a preacher cannot fail to make himself a power in the community, and it must be a power for good, so long as he thinks and writes in the light streaming from the face of Christ, though his way of putting the truth into words may differ from the stereotyped form. We bring garlands of flowers at Christmas and Easter into our temples of prayer and our homes, and we weave the Name that is above every name, into the fragrant beauty of nature's sweetest offering. So the modern sermon loses nothing, but gains immeasurably, when it weaves the name and the love of Christ with the richest flowers of thought and fancy; when, with every faculty of a disciplined and furnished intellect, it holds up the gospel with loving hands.

The modern sermon is the terror of evil-doers, because it is the fearless enemy of iniquity, and its words of condemnation give no uncertain sound. When the sermon is sensational, through grotesque topics to awaken curiosity, or vulgarity or slang to attract religious tramps, then the pulpit is degraded, and religion, as thus represented, becomes an object of contempt to the world. But, when the sermon goes to the other extreme, and is an aimless, lifeless, monotonous thing, striking at nothing, touching every question with gloved fingers, then the pulpit is the object of ridicule; it is a citadel with no watchman on the walls, and the billows of vice and crime roll on unchecked and undisturbed, and wicked men pursue their iniquitous designs with boldness. The sermon should have no affiliation with any *political* party; for, when the preacher stands in the pulpit, he stands above all party divisions, as God's ambassador, and as a member of the glorious party of which Christ is the head. But this party is the foe of sin everywhere, and in every form; its

torch of salvation not only lights up the way to Paradise, but reveals by its radiant purity, the corruption and evil that are in the world, and fearlessly rebukes, in the name of the Father, and for the rescue and upbuilding of the souls of men. Such preaching will arouse opposition. You cannot empty a nest of vipers without a good deal of hissing and striking at you; but that is the very best sign. It shows that the sermon hit somebody, as a Scotch minister once said to one who was afraid of agitation: "Agitation! Why, what good in the world was ever done without agitation? We cannot make butter even without it." You remember the reply which a minister gave to one who came to him, complaining of a remark in the sermon of the day before, "Did you know, sir, that you hurt my feelings yesterday?" "Oh!" answered the fearless preacher, "I am very sorry that you took that. I meant that for the devil, and you stepped in and took it yourself. Don't get between me and the devil, brother, and you won't get your feelings hurt."

The modern sermon will paint Christ on the canvas, and the preacher will be hidden *behind Him* whose love is to rule, at last, in every heart; and such Christ-preaching with Christ-living will triumph at last over all evil, and the banquet of the millennium will begin.

In this grandest of all missions, the overthrow of evil and the elevation of humanity to the purity, liberty and love of the Christ-life, all the preachers of Christianity are one; and in the joy of this mission I clasp your hand, my dear brother, Prof. Swing, in a hearty and warm friendship, praying for you the richest of blessings, a long life, an increasing power for righteousness, and a heavy crown when you pass up higher.

CHURCH INSURANCE.

HON. EUGENE CARY.

"The true church is not external: its temple, and worship, and virtues are in the heart."—*Swing*.

"Church Insurance." I am at a loss how to handle this theme, unless, after the old manner of the divines, I divide the text into two

sections, and speak of the church now, and leave the insurance part to be considered "on the evening of the next Lord's day at early candle light."

I suppose it is assumed there is a heap of fun and humor buried somewhere under this theme. Of course, there has been a good deal of the grotesque about the church, the same as there has been grotesque law, grotesque philosophy, and grotesque physic. But, in my present mood, I am not the one to develop it here, or to speak in any light and merely humorous vein about an institution which, if not dear to all of us, has been dear to many who were dear to us, and that has filled so large and solemn place in the hearts and lives of men, and in the progress and destiny of the world.

When Gen. Grant was a candidate the first time for the presidency, one of the conundrums of the canvass, referring to an expression in his letter of acceptance, was: "Why is Gen. Grant *not* like an insurance company?" Answer: "Because he has no policy."

If I must keep somewhere near to the language of our sentiment, I will have to say, that, if the church be like insurance, or is to be likened to an insurance company, it must be because it has, and has had, a policy.

The church has indeed had a policy which, though perturbed at times, in its grand reach and purpose, has always been constant, broad, strong, upward and helpful. It has been with the march of civilization, making it humane; it has been with the progress of society, lifting it upward; it has been behind the governments of the world, seeking to make them just; it is the only institution whose ambition and policy has ever compassed another world, and sought to lift men to a destiny too large for time.

Looking back now we see much in it that we think was weak; much that we feel was false. We see how much waste there was of time, strength and feeling on senseless controversy about idle definitions, on worthless abstractions and heartless creeds. But we can also see that these defects and errors were but the incidents and weakness of the times, which did not materially affect the flow and direction of the mighty current; were but the colorings from the

banks through which the great stream ran, and from which it is now emerging with waters sweet and clear.

While there were alchemists and visionaries among scholars and philosophers outside the church, it would be strange if they did not exist within it; and if, while those without were seeking the elixir of life or searching for the fountain of perpetual youth, those within did not seek to weigh the divine essence, or measure and set with metes and bounds the divine will and purpose. But these were but the results of contemporary human contact and influence, to which governments and all institutions were alike subject.

The student of law may find it written down in the books of his profession, as the law of the British realm, certainly as late as when the doctrine of reprobation was exactly defined, that a husband may legally chastise his wife, if the stick he use be no thicker than his thumb. I think this law has never been formally repealed, and that this statement of the law remains true at the present day. Still, notwithstanding the law, the stick has dropped from the husband's hand, and the law of force and blows has given way to the rule of religion and love. So, too, while the offensive definitions and formulas remain imbedded in the creeds of the church, into which they were frozen in a vindictive and speculative age, somehow or other they have dropped out of the life and policy of the church, and out of the sermons of the clergy, and are heard no more than the husband's stick in the execution of the kindred barbarism. Both are a dead letter, useful only as marks from which to note the progress of humanity and religion. Neither has place any longer in the life or policy of state or church.

It is said that even the sun is not without spots on his face and record; yet he has always been a glorious king of day, and his presence has been light and warmth and life.

When Col. Ingersoll shall have destroyed the church because of the blots on its record, and when he shall have destroyed the law, as he logically must, because of the blemishes on its record, let us hope that he will spare us the sun, despite his spots, because, with religious and legal restraints all removed, I fear we should not be quite safe in the dark.

The world having become practical in all its thoughts, methods and strivings, see how the life and policy of the church are becoming practical also. Having found that the future can always take care of itself, it has now turned to looking after the present, which always needs help. Having found, with Job, that no one can "by searching find out God," it has turned to a kindly study and care of His image. Having learned anew the lesson of the Sermon on the Mount, that the allotments in the future are to be according to the benefactions rendered in the present, it finds the field of duty and religion is where humanity dwells in sorrow and rags,—where the hungry, the thirsty and the stranger are; where the naked are to be clothed, and where the sick and the prisoner languish for visitation and succor. Having learned that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," it has come at last to recognize a common brotherhood of man, and to at least venture to hope for all a common glorious destiny.

It is not on the bare, white mountain top, kissed first, last and oftenest by the sun, where his generous warmth rests and lingers, but down in the shadows of the valley: here the fields put on their living green, the birds sing, the flowers bloom, the fruits ripen, the husbandman garners his harvest, and industry finds opportunity and reward.

And so the practical church of our day, leaving the bare though glistening heights of cold abstraction, is found warm, active and useful down among the activities, needs, temptations and trials of humanity. Looking up for light, it looks around for opportunity. Here it may sow the seeds of love and kindness and charity, sure of a rich harvest of blessing.

THE CHURCH AND ART.

BY REV. JOHN H. BARROWS, D. D.

"Literature is that form of thought which offends no mind. It is thought and beauty."—*Swing*.

For twenty eventful years our guest has been a high priest of the beautiful, an influential preacher of the value of higher things in a community which is supposed to appreciate the art of wrestling, and the art of slaughtering swine, and the art of "fixing" election returns, far more than Lessing's Laocoön and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." In the apprenticeship of our city, he has held before us the value of the ideal good; and, as Mrs. Browning says, "It takes the ideal to blow a hand's breadth off the dust of the actual." He has had the joy of seeing among us vast changes for the better, both æsthetic and ecclesiastical. Only a wicked St. Louis newspaper would now dare to assert that it was a Chicago lady who came back from Rome and told of her rapture in seeing the Apollo Belladonna and the Dying Gladiolus! As Emerson labored to correct the faults of "this great, intelligent, sensual and avaricious America," so our friend has aimed to mend the manners of "this great, intelligent, sensual and avaricious Chicago." Lowell says, that, in his own life, Poor Richard has been slowly "elbowing Plato out;" but I believe, that, in the life of our city, Plato has been cordially invited to come in and teach us that the beautiful is as really an expression of the Divine mind as the true and the good, and that, as Ruskin has taught us, the highest form of the beautiful cannot be appreciated apart from some degree of moral sensibility.

I know that the church has nothing to do with art directly, and yet it is unquestionable that religion has given to art its greatest themes and noblest inspirations. We all know that music, the most universal of the arts, and next to poetry the highest of all,—music, in which Richter found something holy, has been the sweet-voiced attendant of the Divine King, who was cradled among angelic symphonies, and who has marched down the centuries amid cathedrals

builded to His glory, and pictures on which genius and devotion have toiled to reveal the face of the Altogether Lovely. Puritan Christianity has been the enemy of art whenever art was the friend of impurity and superstition; but out of Puritanism sprang the two greatest works of literary art of the seventeenth century, the "Paradise Lost" of Milton and the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan. George Eliot, the greatest prose artist of our generation, with all her vagaries of thought and life, found the basis of her literary inspiration, not in the theory of the satanic school of Wilde and Swinburne, that any element of morals is "an evidence of incompleteness of vision in literary and artistic matters," but rather in a deep desire to join "the choir invisible" of those selecter souls "whose music is the gladness of the world." And when we rise to perhaps the supreme literary artist of all time, the author of the "Divine Comedy," that "mediæval miracle of song," which Canon Farrar commended to us as a re-enforcement to our weakened moral fibre, we find it to have been the work of one who made God and sorrow his daily companions.

True art, whether it seeks expression in colors or tones, in forms or words, aims to penetrate to the soul of things; and the soul of things is the Supernatural. "Nature," says Emerson, "is too thin a veil: God is all the while breaking through." "I'd rather be a pagan suckled at a creed outworn" than look on the outer world with agnostic eyes. The artist who does not see Nature as translucent with the light of invisible spheres, is like the Israelite who reads Moses with a veil over his soul. The transfiguration of art is the radiance which, as in Correggio's picture of the "Infancy," comes from the face of Him by whom all things were made, and who traverses the world like the child in Guido's "Morning," holding in his hand the torch which is—

" The fountain light of all our day,
And the master-light of all our seeing."

Oliver Wendell Holmes has expressed the hope that America may yet produce a literature as original as the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi river. That day may be far distant. It may be a remote epoch when American art shall have distinctive form. But,

if that form is to be notable and worthy, it will spring, as all that is greatest has done, from the moral and religious sentiment. It will have in it something of that beauty of holiness which shines from the verse of Milton and the canvas of Fra Angelico as well as from the pages of David and Isaiah. "Contrive," said the great Leonardo da Vinci to his pupils, "that your figures receive a broad light from above." It was the habit of the Roman maidens who had been promised in marriage, to be seen first by their lovers in the rotunda of the Pantheon, where, as you remember, the only light descends from the single sublime aperture in the dome. So let the light which falls on our civilization come from the uplifted cross of Christ, and the face of America shall be fair to look on, and we shall be skilled in the best of all arts, that of building up men in the knowledge and practice of whatsoever things are pure and true and lovely and of good report.

Longfellow sang regretfully of the days of Albert Durer, "when art was still religion;" but the time can never come when art shall rightly be severed from the Christian ethics which are the basis of all permanent blessing. The Parthenon which lifts toward the golden-tinted sky the whiteness of its untarnished beauty, must repose on the immovable Acropolis of truth and goodness. And the artist, who ought to be of stature to carry "the torch of life which has been passed from lifted hand to hand down the generations," must not become, as Dryden for a while descended to become, as Lowell has said, "a link-boy to the stews." And the modern æsthete who prefers form and finish to substance and thought, and who, forgetting all that is greatest in architecture and sculpture, painting and music and poetry, asserts that ethics and æsthetics have no common base, scorning the teaching of Cousin, that the moral idea is the chief element in the beautiful, and the teaching of Schelling, that the æsthetic lies in character, is the apostle of an unwholesome and meretricious art, the art of literary fops and dudes, and the disciples of the "dirt philosophy." Such earthy and unholy art, which, in much of modern French painting, delights in sensuality and slaughter, pandering to the savage and salacious in man, is the poison sucked from a decaying flower. It is the corrupter of the

soul, which is the one priceless thing in the world, and it leads to lives selfish, sensual, restless, or, to say it in one word, Parisian. Such a life is like the Dead Sea, into which, though the streams pour in floods, it is made no sweeter thereby, but stretches out an acrid expanse, above which hang the mists of discontent, and along whose shores the driftwood of many a bitter year is tossed. But the truest art, whether we find it in Homer's heroic and resounding line, in the intricate harmonies of Browning's "Saul," or in Wordsworth's great meditative "Ode to Immortality;" whether we feel its grandeur in the symphonies of Beethoven, or its pensive tenderness in the landscapes of Millet; whether we are touched by the homely scenes of David Wilkie and Thomas Faed, or are startled by the magic light and shadow of Rembrandt,—the truest art, which lifts us to the "joy of elevated thoughts," as, in imagination, we watch the hand that penciled the Dresden "Madonna," or the greater—

"Hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,"—

is always found the friend and promoter of truth and goodness, of aspiration and faith. It is like the Christ-life, which resembles, not the Dead Sea, but the sacred Ganges, coming down to our earth from the highest heights, feeding the roots of thirsty grasses along its shores, offering a tribute to the majestic palm-tree and the blossoming shrub of the oleander, giving a cup of water to pariah and prince, cooling the night air for the infant's slumbers, and, under the moonlight, showing a face of beauty to the lone watchers from the walls of Delhi and the minarets of Benares, until, made doubly sacred by its countless benefactions, it rolls through a hundred channels into the Indian Sea.

Professor Swing, let me close these remarks in grateful recognition of your eminent services to the higher life of this community, with an expression of the kindly feelings of that group of your friends which I represent. The venerated Charles Hodge, of Princeton, once wrote: "Old controversies and diversities of opinion are passing out of view; I dread being estranged from any who truly love and worship our common Lord and Saviour." Our differences have not estranged us, and you will allow me to give you this

benediction: "May the light of the True, the Fair and the Good, ever shine along your brightening pathway, until, returning late into Heaven, you shall see the King in His beauty."

A REMINISCENCE.

"Music is the most universal art. Put a king in disguise, and he will follow a brass band like a boy."—*Swing*.

Though long the poet's pen hath lain in rust,
 His verse a half-remembered fantasy,
 Well might his art awaken from the dust,
 To pay its fleeting tribute, friend, to thee.
 No need to ask that friends of early days
 May keep the place thou gav'st them in thy heart :
 Thou saidst to me the single word "always"
 As once we briefly met, as soon to part.
 The willing world will give thee praise and fame,
 And tell thine empire over smiles and tears:
 I only bring thee now, in friendship's name,
 A simple story from the by-gone years.

Once, when the summer was a full-blown rose,
 And God came near to nature with His grace
 To crown with beauty every living thing,
 Two friends, grown languid in the city air,
 Wearied with toil and of the din of trade,
 Sought the sweet haunts of nature for repose.
 One bore a name that even then was great,
 Known in two worlds, the other was his friend.
 In woodland shades, by waters sweet and clear,
 In converse they beguiled the summer hours;
 Their themes, the landscape, waters, skies and flowers.
 Not to imprisoned dwellers in the town
 The heavens declare God's glory. The wide sky
 Is narrowed to the channel of a street
 Unfringed by wayside flowers. The fleecy clouds
 Are seen not, nor the glowing, golden west :
 The life that now is veils the light on high,
 And men doubt God who never see His sky.

The friends one Sabbath rambled near a wood
 Crowning a hill, where, half concealed, there stood—
 Rich in stained glass and deftly carven stone
 (A poet builder's realistic dream)—
 A church (Nashotah mission, it is called)
 Embowered in shade; and, through its open door
 Came in sweet melody a sacred hymn.
 The place was holy ground, and, drawing near,
 They sought the door-step of the fane for rest.
 The air was sweet with clover, and the bees,
 Careless of Sabbath in their search for spoil,
 Made drowsy music for the listening ear.
 Below them flashed the waters of a lake ;
 And overhead the birds, in shady trees,
 Joined their sweet treble to the song of praise;
 Then came the litany, with its response;
 But the great preacher, seated at the door,
 Joined not, and still his look was far away
 Where smiled the waters of the little lake,
 Until his brother at the sacred desk
 Had read, " From envy, hatred, and malice,
 And all uncharitableness ; " and then,
 While in his eyes there shone a tender light,
 He softly whispered the responding words,
 " Good Lord, deliver us." 'Twas all he said.

Since that sweet morning years have come and gone,
 And the great preacher, list'ning from his height,
 Hears happy voices calling, " Lo ! the dawn ! "
 And wailing voices crying, " Lo ! the night ! "
 And he makes answer : " Not in written creeds
 Exists the power to satisfy our needs;
 Man striving, falling, yet that Friend may trust
 Who knows our frame, rememb'ring we are dust.
 The heart, doubt-wearied and by sin enticed,
 Needs not *opinion*,—only Jesus Christ."
 And thus, of all the sacred litany,
 The words which ask that love may guide alway,
 Which something good in every mortal find,
 And plead for gentle judgment of mankind,
 Inspire his life. He still the theme loves best
 That touched thy heart that Sabbath morn, dear guest.

RESPONSE.

PROF. DAVID SWING.

When Canon Farrar was in our city he told me of some London lawyer or writer to whom a dinner was unexpectedly given, and, when the parlors became thronged with guests, the man, awkward and bashful, whispered to the Canon, "It does not seem possible that all this disturbance of the peace is made over me." I must repeat that form of argument,—and must wonder if there is some mistake about this banquet, and if I have not a "double" somewhere who ought to be here.

It is rather late for informing the Committee of Arrangements; but I cannot accept of this whole grand gift of an evening from you, whose time is so valuable; cannot accept of all these kind words and kind deeds: what part I do accept I take without any egotism, but with a full consciousness of the fact that this is an instance in which it is at least as blessed to give as to receive.

My twenty years in Chicago have taught me that the city is full of generous men and women, and that such an hour as this, along with the honor it brings me, brings a happiness to the hundreds here assembled. Next to the pleasure of hearing good words is the pleasure of saying them. I see around me citizens who have done full duty, social, political and moral, for a score of years; men who have helped build up the city, and who have brought honor to its name. I see members of the learned professions, physicians, lawyers, teachers, whose influence has always been upon the side of the public welfare, and, knowing you all, as I do, I must ask permission to divide this banquet into many parts, and apportion it out to the many excellent ones in this room. These flowers which your orators and poets have brought to me I appreciate and admire; but I must now tear the bouquet to pieces, and fling a rose to each of you, that we may be like the Greeks, who, when they gave a banquet, made each one wear a chaplet of leaves, men and women alike. All fore-

heads were one in those hours of friendship. To respond to the sentiments offered this evening in prose and poetry is impossible. The variety of themes treated, the wit and wisdom of the remarks, and the merit of the poems read turn my mind wholly away from myself, and fill me with admiration of a city which can give banquets at which all professions and callings meet in perfect harmony, and where the viands upon the table are no more delicate or tempting than those spread out by the mind and heart.

Mr. Froude, the English historian, passed through this city a year ago, and, having spent a couple of hours in a carriage or railway station, repeated the customary conclusion of a certain kind of Englishman, that Chicago was remarkable for its pig-killing. We wish there could be some manner by which the information could be conveyed to such foreigners, that the grains and meats shipped by Chicago have no more to do with her moral and intellectual standing than the beer manufactured in London has to do with her students and writers, the members of her parliament, her pulpit, and of the Temple Bar. England has \$500,000,000 employed in the manufacture of beer. She produces each year 25,000,000 barrels. Such a nation ought to be swift to forgive Chicago for shipping certain barrels of pork, and the traveling Froudes who can find something at home besides beer, ought to be able to find something in Chicago besides bacon.

Our city, like all great cities, contains two lives ; its business life and its intellectual life, and Chicago will soon be as great in the latter as she is in the former. Looking and listening to-night, I cannot but wish that it will soon be discovered that twenty years have passed over some other heads than mine, and that you will assemble again under the two flags of friendship and philosophy, feasting and thought. I thank you deeply for the honor of this banquet. To me the assemblage is one of peculiar worth, because, being outside of the denominations, I am much like Selkirk in his island, and have much needed this fraternal greeting from brethren in the pulpit and from members of other and all pursuits. I shall more than ever feel the presence of that brotherhood which has this night been made visible.

It is a wonderful kindness in society, when it finds that some one of its co-laborers is getting gray, to meet together and rejoice over him and with him, as if old age were a blessing of which he might not be fully aware without the help of your speeches and poems and flowers. Happy city to live in where its friendships can, by a banquet, convert twenty almost lost years into a delightful memory.

REGRETS.

The stage does not often congratulate the pulpit, which must make the following dignified and scholarly letter from Lawrence Barrett all the more acceptable to the Professor :

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, Feb. 15.

Dear Friend : Let me intrude upon your festival to wish you joy, but chiefly to wish the religious world joy that you have lived so long to make your influence felt from one end of the land to the other,—an influence which has kept frank minds within the faith through its breadth and health, which has comforted the doubting by a liberal interpretation, and has resisted above all the spread of infidelity by the clear exposition of a faith which knows no narrowness, no bigotry. In the name of the arts which you have so lovingly cherished and sustained, I wish you long life and health and many imitators; but chiefly, dear Professor, on this festival occasion, I express for your future health and happiness the deep and hearty prayer of your faithful friend,

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Prof. Swing's Irish friends also did not fail to remember the kind words he has often had for them, as the following note, which accompanied a floral harp, will show :

PROF. DAVID SWING—*Dear Sir* : In your public addresses and on private occasions, you have frequently spoken humane, eloquent, and generous words in behalf of the struggle of the Irish people for social and political advancement. We join, therefore, with our

fellow-citizens of other races and denominations in congratulating you upon the twentieth anniversary of your arrival in Chicago, and we sincerely wish you many years of health and happiness.

T. A. MORAN.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Feb. 19, 1886.

MESSRS. N. K. FAIRBANK, W. S. HENDERSON, C. B. HOLMES AND GEN. CHAS. FITZSIMONS—*Gentlemen*: Thanking you for the invitation to attend the complimentary dinner to Prof. David Swing, we regret that we shall not be able to be present.

We wish to express our love for Prof. Swing, and appreciation of the grand work which he has accomplished, in the religious and intellectual upbuilding of Chicago, and the world at large, during these twenty years of active, faithful service, which this gathering is intended to commemorate.

When the roll of honor is made up, of the thinkers and teachers who have been most instrumental in giving to the world the gospel of love and liberty, which to-day fills our land, the name of Prof. Swing will appear among the first of his generation.

We feel "that to have known * * * one man who, through the rubs and chances of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm branch, waving all discords into peace, helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other, more than many sermons." Such a man is Prof. Swing.

It is given to those who have felt the comforting power of his words in days of sorrow and affliction, most fully to know and appreciate his work and life. His character and influence are the rich possession of the race, and will add an inspiration and tender, loving sympathy to the lives of all who come within its reach.

Our most earnest desire and prayer is, that his life may be continued to a ripe old age.

Very truly your friends,

MR. AND MRS. W. A. TALCOTT.

RACINE, WIS., Feb. 5, 1886.

Dear Sir : As one who listened to Prof. Swing's first sermon in Chicago before he began his regular work there,—and who has since been so great a debtor to him through the reading of his sermons,—with only at great intervals having the privilege of listening to him, permit me to express my gratification that the proposition for a testimonial has taken form.

Thousands upon thousands of people outside of, but still a part of, Chicago, because all their highways lead to your city,—will sympathize in your acknowledgment of the debt which the entire West is under to your great preacher of the real gospel of the Saviour of the world, and who is influencing a much larger audience than could be contained in many Central Music Halls to better living, giving them broader and higher views of life.

Sincerely yours,

SIMEON WHITELEY.

HON. A. M. PENCE, of Committee.

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